## "BEATRICE."

## A New and Fascinating Story.

## BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

She left the teacher's lodgings, and was of her passion, who still thought more calbout to go down to the beach and sit there her love than of saving her own soul alive. till it was time, when she was met by the fa-ther of the poor crazed child Jane Liewellyn. "Oh, Miss Beatrice," he said, "I have been

looking for you everywhere. We are in sad trouble, miss. Poor Jane is in a raving fit, and talking about hell and that, and the doctor says she's dying. Can you come, miss, and see if you can do anything to quiet her?

death were in the air, "I will come," she said, "but I shall not be able to stay long." How could she better spend her last hour?

She accompanied the man to his cottage The poor child, dressed only in a night shirt, was raving furiously, and evidently in the the last stage of exhaustion; nor could the doctor or her mother do anything to quiet

"Don't you see," she screamed, pointing to "there's the devil waiting for met minister said I should go! Oh, hold me, hold

Beatrice walked up to her, took the thin little hands in hers, and looked her fixedly

in the eyes.
"Jane," she said, "Jane, don't you know "Yes, Miss Granger," she said, "I know

the lesson; I will say it presently."

Beatrice took her in her arms, and say down on the bed. Quieter and quieter grew the child, till suddenly an awful change passed

over her face. over her face,
"She is dying," whispered the doctor,
"Hold me close, hold me close!" said the
child, whose senses returned before the inst
eclipse, "Gh, Miss Granger, I sha'n't go to
hell, shall I? I am afraid of hell."

"No, love, no; you will go to heaven."

Jane lay still awhite. Then seeing the pale lips move. Beatrice put her car to the child's

"Will you come with me?" she murmured: "I am afraid to go alone."

And Beatrice, her gray eyes fixed steadily on the closing eyes beneath, whispered back, so that no other soul could hear except the dy-Yes, I will come presently."

But Jane heard and understood. "Promise," said the child.

Yes, I promise," answered Beatrice, in the same inaudible whisper. "Sleep dear, sleep; I will join you very soon." And the child looked up, shivered, smiled-

Beatrice gave her back to the weeping parents and went her way. "What a splendid creature!" said the doctor to himself, as he

looked after her. "She has eyes like Fate, and the face of motherhood incarnate. A uan, if ever I saw one, but different Edward's boatshed. As she expected, there ody there, and nobody on the beach,

Old Edward and his son were at tea, with the rest of Bryngelly. They would come back after dark and lock up the boathouse. She looked at the sea. There were no waves, but the breeze freshened every minute, and

there was a long low swell upon the water. The rollers would be running beyond the shelter of Rumball's Point, five miles away. The tide was high; it mounted to within ten yards of the end of the boathouse. She opened

the door, and dragged out her cance, closing the door again after her. The craft was light, and she was strong for a woman. Close to which are common at seaside places ran down into the water. She dragged the cance to its side, and then pushed it down the beach till its bow was affort. Next, mounting on the breakwater, she caught hold of the little chain in the bow, and walking along the timber balks pulled with all her force till the ging it after her, till the waves washing over the breakwater wetted her shoes.

Then she brought the cance quite cless, and, watching her opportunity, stepped into it, nearly falling into the water as shedld so. But she recovered her balance and sat down. In another minute she was paddling out to sea with all her strength.

For twenty minutes or more she paddled unceasingly. Then she rested awhile, only keeping the canoe head on to the sea, which, without being rough was running more and more freshly. There, some miles away, was the dark mass of Rumball's point. She must be off it before the night closed in. There would be sen enough there; no such craft as bers could live in it for five minutes, and the tide was on the turn. Anything sinking in those waters would be carried far away and never come back to the shores of Wales.

She turned her head and looked at Bryngelly and the long familiar stretch of cliff. How fair it seemed, bathed in the quiet lights of summer afternoon! Oh, was there any afternoon where the child had gone, and she was following fast!-or was it all night, black eternal night, unbroken by the ream of dear remembered things! There were the Dog Rocks, where she had

game hour Geoffrey and she had met, and there behind him was the Amphitheatre, where they had told their love. Hark! what was not well, and that she had kept her in all to you, why, I am glad to go; for here in the world is neither rest nor happiness. As was the test sound pealing faintly at intervals bed to breakfast.

"Bo you mean to say that you have not the high tide, solemnly tolled her passing soul!

She paddled on; the sound of that death knell shock her nerves, and made her feel faint and weak. Oh, it would have been for the duchess' ball to morrow; it's lovely,

size had she have as the was a year arc; be had seen faith and hope rearise from the depths of her stirred soul. Then, being but a heathen, she could have met her end with all a heathen's strength, knowing what she lost, and believing, too, that she would find but sleep. And now it was otherwise, for in her heart she did not believe that she was about "Send for the doctor at once," he said. The doctor came and examined the child, asking her if she had wet her feet lately. fears, melted into nothingness? It could not was not clean. Oh, my lead does ache, be; surely on some new shore she should once again greet her love. And if it was not, how "Ah," said the doctor, and then covering hands? Would her mother turn away from her? and the little brother, whom she had loved, would be reject her? And what voice guarded from chills. would be reject her; And what om might strike her into everlasting Geoffrey asi trained nurse.

But, be the sin what it might, yet would she sin it for the sake of Geoffrey—ay, even if she must reap a harvest of eternal woe. She bent her head and prayed. "Oh, Power that art above, from whom I come, to whom I go, have mercy on me! Oh, Spirit, if indeed thy name is Love, weigh my love in thy balance, and let it lift the scale of sin. Oh, God of Sacrifice, be not wroth at my deed of them; that was all.

"Well, don't talk so much, but see that you

her love than of saving her own soul alive. Perhaps it found a home-perhaps, like her who prayed it, it was lost upon the pitiless

Then Beatrice prayed no more. Short was her time. See, there sunk the sun in glory; and there the great rollers swept along past the sullen, desolate headland, where the undertow met wind and tide. She would think no more of self-it was, it seemed to her, so small, this mendicant calling on the Unseen. not for others, but for self; aid for self, well being for self, salvation for self-this doing of good that good might come to self. She had made her prayer, and if she prayed again it should be for Geoffrey, that he might prosper and be happy; that he might forgive trouble her love had brought into his life. She had prayed her prayer and said her say, and it was done with. Let her be judged as it seemed good to those who judge! Now she would fix her thoughts upon her love, and by its strength would triumph over the bitter ess of death. Her eyes flashed, and her breast beaved; further out to sea, further yet-she would meet those rollers a knot or more from the point of the headland, that no record

not help it, and she was proud to love him. Even now she would not undo the past. What were the lines that Geoffrey had read to her? They haunted her mind with a strange per-sistence; they took time to the beat of her falling paddle, and would not leave her: of once sown seed, who knoweth what the crop is!

Alas, my love, Love's eyayare very blind:
What would they have us do? Sauflowers and
popples stoop to the wind----"Yes, yes, Love's eyes are very blind, but

in their blindness there was more light than in all other earthly things. Oh, she could not live for him, and with him-it was denied to -but she still could die for him, her darling, her darling! "Geoffrey, hear me—I die for you; accept my sacrifice, and forget me not!" Sc—he is

in the rollers-how selemn they look, with their hoary heads of foam, as one by one they move down upon her! The first! its towers high, but the can

rides it like a cork. Look, the day is dying on the distant land, but still his glory shines across the sea. Presently all will be finished. Here the breeze is strong; it tears the bonnet from her head, it unwinds the coronet of braided locks, and her bright hair streams out behind her. Feel how the spray stings, striking like a whip! No, not this wave-she fighting to the last, and once more, never faltering, she sets her face toward the rollers and consigns her soul to doom.

Ah, that struck her full! Oh, see! Geoffrey's ring has slipped from her wet handfalling into the bottom of the boat. Can she regain it? She would die with that ring upon her finger; it is her marriage ring, wedding ough death to Geoffrey, upon the alter of the sea. She stoops! oh, what a shock of water on her breast! What was it-what was

the crop is? She must soon learn now.
"Geoffrey! hear me, Geoffrey—I die, I die for you. I will wait for you at the foundations of the sea, on the topmost heights of heaven, in the lowest deeps of hell—wherever I am I will always wait for you!"

It sinks—it has sunk. She is alone with

God, and the cruel waters. The sun goes out! through the deepening gloom; hear it rushing toward her, big with fate!

"Geoffrey, my darling-I will wait"-Farewell to Beatrice! The light went out of the sky, and the darkness gathered on the weltering sea. Farewell to Beatrice, and all her love and all her sin!

CHAPTER XXIX.



As he did so a letter was placed in his

stood on that misty autumn day, and seen the vision of her coffined mother's face. Geoffrey came down to breakfast about eleven o'clock on the morning of that day the this being fulfilled, shall not the rest be ful-Surely it was a presage of her fate. There beyond was the Bell Rock, where in that station. Not seeing Effle, he asked Lady mane hour Geoffrey and she had met, and Honoria where she was, and was informed

easier had she been as she was a year ago; be-fore she learned to love, and, hand in hand, that creamy lace about it."

utterly to perish. What! could the body live on in a thousand forms, changed, indeed, but in a puddle in the street," she answered. "But indestructible and immortal, while the spirit."

Anne did say that they would soon get dry if

ild they meet her in that under world, the child up, took Geoffrey saids and told him hing self murdered, her life blood on her that his daughter had got a mild attack of in-

Geoffrey asked if he should send for a

"Oh, no," said the doctor. "I do not think

and peace, that in a time to come I may win attend to her properly," said Geoffrey, feeling rather doubtful, for he did not trust

of her getting inflammation of the lungs in this unprovoked fashion! The end of it will be that I shall not be able to go to the duchest ball to-morrow night; and she was so kind about it, she made quite a point of my coming; besides, I have bought that lovely new dress on purpose. I should never have dreamed of going to so much expense for any-

thing else,"
"Don't trouble yourself," said Geoffrey. "The house does not sit to-morrow; I will look after her. Unless Effic dies in the interval, you will certainly be able to go to the ball."

"Dies—what nonsense! The doctor says that it is a very slight attack. Why should come. To not forget me in the long years that are to come. To not forget, me when others flatter.

"I am sure I hope that there is no fear of

of the house, that's all. Amelia" (Lady Gar-sington) "is coming up to-night, and I must have somewhere to put her maid, and there is

Effie gets any worse, you will please under

stand that room must be made. But Effie did not get worse. She remained much about the same. Geoffrey sat at home all day and employed himself in reading briefs; fortunately he had not to go to court. About six o'clock he went down to the house, and having dined very simply and quietly, Welsh language in the law courts of Wales.

Suddenly he became awars of a most extraordinary sense of oppression. An inde-finable dread took hold of him, his very soul was filled with terrible apprehensions and Something dreadful seemed to knock at the portals of his sense, a horror which he could not grasp. His mind was confused, but little by little it grew clearer, and he began understand that a danger threatened Beatrice, that she was in great peril. He was sure of it. Her agonized dying cries reached him where he was, though in no form which beat on his thought-once more and for the last time her spirit spoke to his,

Then suddenly a cold wind seemed to breathe upon his face and lift his bair, and everything was gone. His mind was as it had been, again he heard the dreary orator, and saw the members slipping away to dinner. The conditions that disturbed him had passed. things were as they had been. Nor strange, for the link was broken. Beatrice was dead. She had passed into the domains of impenetrable silence.

Geoffrey sat up with a gasp, and as he did so a letter was placed in his band. It was addressed in Beatrice's bandwriting and bore the Chester postmark. A chill fear seized him. What did it contain! He hurried with it into a private room and opened it. It was dated from Bryngelly on the previous Sunday, and bad several inclosures.
"My dearest Geoffrey," it began, "I baye

never before addressed you thus on paper, nor should I do so now, knowing to what risks such written words might put you, were it not that occasions may arise (as in this case) which seem to justify the risk. For when all things are ended between a man and have been, then it is well that the one who goes should speak plainly before speech be-comes impossible, if only that the one who is left should not misunderstand that which has "Geoffrey.it is probable—it is almost certain

-that before your eyes read these words I shall be where in the body they can never see me more. I write to you from the brink of the grave; when you read it will have closed

"I received your dear letter fit is destroyed now) in which you expressed a wish that I should come away with you to some other words. I dared not trust myself to write more. nor had I any time. How could you think that I should ever accept such an offer for my own sake, when to do so would have been to ruin yout But first I will tell you all that has happened here." Here followed a long and exact description of those events with which we are already acquainted, including the denunciation of Beatrice by her sister, the threats of Owen Davis as regards himself. and the measures which she had adopted to

"Further," the letter continued, "I inclose you your wife's letter to me. And here I wish to state that I have not one word to say against Lady Honoria or her letter. I think was perfectly justified in writing as she did, for after all, doar Geoffrey, you are her husband, and in loving each other we have offended against her. She tells me truly that it is my duty to make all further communications between us impossible. There is only one way to do this, and I take it.

And now I have spoken enough about myself; nor do I wish to enter into details at could only give you pain. There will be no scandal, dear, and if any word should be provided an answer in the second letter which I have inclosed. You can print it if neces-eary; it will be a sufficient reply to any talk. Nobody after reading it can believe that you were in any way connected with the accident which will happen. Dear, one word more-still about myself, you see! Do not blame yourself in this matter, for you are not to blame; of my own free will I do it, because in the extremity of circumstances I think it best that one should go and the other be saved, rather than that both should be involved in a common ruin.
"Dear, do you remember how, in that

strange vision of mine, I dreamed that you came and touched me on the breast and showed me light? So it has come to pass, for filled in its season! Shall I not sit in those cloudy halls till I see you come to seek me,

have lest you I long for rest. I do not know if I sin in what I do; if so, may I be forgiven! If forgiveness is impossible, so be it. You will forgive me, Geoffrey, and you will alif, at the last, you go where I am not, you will remember and love the erring woman to from hence I shall celebrate a service that is greater and more solemn than any of the breast, earth; for Death will be the priest, and that oath which I shall take will be to all eternity. Who can prophesy of that whereof man has no sure knowledge? Yet do I believe that in a time to come we shall once more look in each other's eyes and kiss each other's lips, and be one forever more. If this is so, it is worth while to have lived and died; if not, then, Gooffrey, farewell!

"If I may I will always be near to you. Listen to the night wind, and you shall hear my voice; look on the stars, you will see my eyes; and my love shall be as the nir you breathe. And when at last the end comes, remember me, for if I live at all I shall be about you then. What have I more to say? So much, my dear, that words cannot convey it. Let it be untold; but whenever you hear or read that which is beautiful and tender.

you will always strive to help the poor, to You will do all this from your own member that your fame will be my best mon

grave it covers. rey, my darling, to whom I have never been a wife, to whom I am more than any wife, do come. Do not forget me when others flatter you and try to win your love, for none can be to you what I have been—none can ever "I am sure I hope that there is no rear of anything of the sort. Honoria—only sho must be properly looked actar. I do not trust this woman Anne. I have half a mind to get in a trained nurse, after all."

by all from do sine will have to sleep out the sure fact alls draw daily on."

cil dated from Paddington station on that

have somewhere to put her maid, and there is no room for another bed in Effice room."

"Oh, very well, very well," said Geoffrey, "I journeyed to London to see you, Geoff-rey. I could not die without looking on your face once more. I was in the gallery of the Effic gets any worse, you will please underhouse and heard your great speech. Your friend found me a place. Afterward I touched your coat as you passed by the pillar of the gateway. Then I ran away, because I saw your friend turn and look at me. I shall kiss this letter just here, before I close it kiss it there, too-it is our last cold embrace. and having direct very simply and quietry, the condition of the best and listened to some dreary talk, Before the end, I shall put on the ring you which was being carried on for the benefit of gave me; on my hand, I mean. I have althe reporters, about the adoption of the ways worn it upon my breast. When I touched you as you passed through the gate night that I should have broken down and called to you-but I found strength not to do so. My heart is breaking and my eyes are blind with tears; I can write no more: I have no more to say. Now once again good-by. Ave atque vale—oh, my love. B."

The second letter was a dummy; that is to say, it purported to be such an epistle as any

It was obvious, thought Beatrice, that if mysterious end, the production of such a frank epistle, written two days previously, oc would demonstrate the absurdity of the idea,

Let him who may imagine the effect produced upon Geoffrey by this heart rending drain out of it, and from the hollow of the and astounding epistle! Could Beatrice have bow arch something came rolling down, someseen his face when he had finished reading it she would never have committed suicide. In a minute it became like that of an old man. an agony of horror, of remorse, of unavailing woe and hopelessness, swept across his soul that for a moment he thought his vital forces must give way beneath it, and that he should have rejoiced to. Oh, how pitiful it was-how pitiful and how awful! To think of this poor beloved woman going down to lonely death for him-a strong man; to picture her crouching behind that gateway pillar and touching his cont as he passed, while he, the thrice accursed fool, knew nothing till too late; to know that he had gone to Euston and not to Paddington; to remember the divine strength and beauty of the love which he had lost, and that face which he should never see again! Oh, his heart would break. No man

And of those cowards who hounded her to death, if, indeed, she was already dead! Oh he would kill this Owen Davies; yes, and Elizabeth too, were it not that she was a woman; and as for Honoria, he had done with her. Scandal! What did he care for scandal! If he had his will there should be a scandal indeed, for he would beat this Owen Davies, this reptile, who did not besitate to use a woman's terror to prosper the fulfilling of his lust; yes, and then drag him to the tinent and kill him there. Only vengeano

Stop, he must not give way—perhaps she was not dead—perhaps that horrible presage of evil which had struck him like a storm was nothing but a dream. Could be tele graph? No, it was too inte; the office at Bryngelly would be closed-it was past 8 now. But he could go. There was a train leaving a little after 9—he should be there by half past 6 to-morrow. And Effle was ill! well, surely they could look after her for twenty-four hours; she was in no danger, and Goad help her! She's gone; she'll never come he must go—he could not bear this torturing ashore no more, she won't. She's twenty

suspense. Oh, how had she done the Geoffrey snatched a sheet of paper and Geoffrey snatched a sheet of paper and With a groan he rose, and, going to the refreshment room, swallowed two giasses of brandy, one after another. The spirit took effect on him; he could write now. Rapidly he scribbled on a sheet of paper:

"I have been called away upon important business, and shall probably not be back till Thursday morning. See that Effic is proper-ly attended to. If I am not back you must not go to the duchess' ball, "GEOFFREY BINGHAM"

Then he addressed the letter to Lady Honoria, and dispatched a commissionnaire with This done, he called a cab and bade the cabman drive to Euston as fast as his horse



"I say that there is a God."

ever half so awful! But it came to an end at rey sprung from the train and gave his ticket will forgive me, Geoffrey, and you will al. to the porter, glancing in his face as be did ways love me, however wicked I may be; even so. Surely if there had been a tragedy the man would know of it, and show signs of half whom, being so little, you still were all in all. ple when something awful and mysterious We are not married, Geoffrey, according to has happened to somebody clse. But he the customs of the world, but two short days showed to such signs, and a glimmer of hope found its way into Geoffrey's tormented

> He left the station and walked rapidly toward the vicarage. Those who know what a pitch of horror suspense can reach may imagine his feelings as he did so; but it was soon to be put an end to now. As he drew near the vicarage gate he met the fat Welsh ser-vant girl Betty running toward him. Then hope left Geoffrey.

The girl recognized bim, and in her confusion did not seem the least astonished to see him walking there at a quarter to 7 on a sum-mer morning. Indeed, even she vaguely connected Geoffrey with Beatrics in her m for she at once said, in her thick English: "Oh, sir, do you know where Miss Beatrice

"No," he answered, catching at a railing "Why do you ask! I have not seen her for weeks.

or read that which is beautiful and tender, think, this is what Beatrice would have said to me and could not!"

"Weil, don't talk so much, but see that you attend to her properly," said Geoffrey, feeling rather doubtful, for he did not trust at for full of human passion for one of the foremost, or one of the foremost, or one of the foremost, of your aga. Anne. However, he thought he would see himself that there was no neglect. When she out to leave the human shores. But, then see heard what was the matter Lady Honoria sell, it was Beatrice who prayed—Beatrice, and give me pardon, give me life.

"Weil, don't talk so much, but see that you attend to her properly," said Geoffrey, feeling rather doubtful, for he did not trust most, or one of the foremost, of your aga. You have already promised me to persevore to this end; I will not ask you to promise to tea. She, Betty, had not thought much of it, believing that she had stopped to spend the world: the world

This morning when she woke, it was staggered back against the wall, that Miss Beatrice had not such an "Dead—dead! What do you mean? How hat night, and she came out to see if she dis she dief" he asked.

She did not know, but she thought that Miss Beatrice was going out in the cance, Leastways she put on her thous shoes, which she always wore when she went out boating. Geoffrey understood it all now. "Come to

he boathouse," he said. They went down to the beach, where as yet anbody was about except a few working peo-

Near the boathouse Geoffrey met old Edward walking along with a key in his hand, onve been taken from me just when I was go"Lord, sir!" he said. "You here, sir! and ing to marry her. Say that it is not true!" "Lord, sir!" he said. "You nere, sir, and in that there queer hat, too. What is it, sir!" A great fury filled Geoffrey asked, walked down the room and shut the door, a "Did Miss Beatrice go out in her canoe yes. walked down the room and shut the door, a cel light swimming before his eyes; then he turned and gripped Owen Davies' shoulder

"No, sir; not as I know on. My boy locked up the boathouse last night, and I suppose he looked in it first. What! You don't mean to say— Stop, we'll soon know. Oh, "conspired together to bring a slur upon Good! the cance's gone!"

ing his pale face toward her. Go back to the vicerage, and if Mr. Granger comes home to the face with the back of his hand. "Stop that noise, girl," said Geoffrey, turnbefore I get back, tell him what we fear, before I get back, tell him what we fear. The man took no notice the blow.

The man took no notice the blow.

or of the deadly insult of the blow.

"Is it true," he screamed; "is it true that

walked sullenly, desperately striving to hope against hope. On, past the Dog Rocks, round say, it purported to be such an epister.

Amphitheatre. The tide was high again; he man friend. It began, "Dear Mr. Bingham," could barely pass the projecting point. He and ended "Yours sincerely, Beatrice Grander," was round it, and his heart stood still; for ger;" was filled with chit chat, and expressed hopes that he would be able to come down to hopes that he would be able to come down to Beatrice's cance.

Amphitheatre. The tide was high again; he in a huddled heap upon the ground. "There is no God," he moaned; "God promised her to me, to be my own—you have here first and stilled her! Tou—you seduced her first and then you hilled her. I believe you killed her! the long curve of beach, till he came to the

Sadly, hopelessly, heavily, Geoffrey waded knee deep into the water, and, catching the Geoffrey was accused by Owen Davies, or bow of the cance, dragged it ashore. There anybody else, of being concerned with her was, or appeared to be, nothing in it; of course he could not expect anything else. Its occupant had sunk, and been carried out to sea by the ebb, whereas the cance had drifted

back to shore with the morning tide. He reared it upon its end and let the water bow arch something came rolling down, some-In sman, said desirely, said desirely, thing bright and heavy, followed by a brown and pointing to Elizabeth, who was glaring at object. Hastily he lowered the canoe again, him like a wildcat from the corner of the nan, and picked up the bright trinket. It was his room, "said that there is no God. I say that As the whole truth sunk into his mind, such own ring—the Roman ring he had given Bea-an agony of horror, of remorse, of unavailing trice; and which she told him in the letter she would wear in her hour of death. He touched it with his lips and placed it back upon his hand, this token from the beloved dead, vowing that it should never leave his hand in life, and that after death it should be buried on him. And so it will be, perhaps to be dug up him. And so it will be, perhaps to be dug up must be a hell for such as you, Elizabeth play a part in the romance of unborn ages. atque vale-that was the inscription

farewell-her own last words to him Beatrice, Beatrice! to you also ave atque vale. so much, because I believe that this viper You could not have sent a fitter message. Greeting and farewell! Did it not sum it all! Within the circle of this little ring was writ it is a lie! Beatrice, who now is dead, came ginning and the end of Love and Hate, of from it as she came. And you, her father, Hope and Fear, of Joy and Sorrow. Hope and Fear, of Joy and Sorrow.

Beatrice, hail! Beatrice, farewell! till per-

chance a spirit rushing earthward snan cry
"Greeting" in another tongue, and Death,
descending to his own place, sinking from
his wings the dew of tears, shall answer,
"Farewell to me and Night, ye children of
"Farewell to me and Night, ye children of

And what was this other relic? He lifted a poor friendless girl." t-it was her tennis shoe, washed from her foot—Geoffrey knew it, for once he had tied it.

Binginam, gasped the old man. "I am inno
Then Geoffrey broke down—it was too much.

cent of it. That Judas woman Elizabeth be He threw himself upon the great rock and trayed her sister because she wanted to mar-sobbed, that rock where he had sat with her, ry him herself," and he pointed to the Heap and heaven had opened to their sight. But men upon the floor. "She thought that it would are not given to such exhibitions of emotion, and fortunately for him the paroxysm did not last. He could not have borne it for long.

He rose and went again to the edge of the sea. At this moment old Edward and his son was attachment."

So," said Geoffrey, "now we have it all. and you, sir, stood by and saw this done. arrived. Geoffrey pointed to the boat, and then held up the little shoe.

the gulls a-screaming over her. It's that there the guils a screaming over her. Its that there and forever."

d—d canoe, that's what it is. I wish to good I had broke it up long ago. I'd rather have built her a boat for nothing, I would, D—n the unlucky craft!" screamed the old pain sors round and round. Take me away.

The usual modification of terms when more than one of the fam the Academy at the same time. The pupils of All Hallows Company of the pupils of All Hallows Company of the Academy at the same time. head to hide the tears which were streaming down his rugged face. "And her that I man at the top of his voice, and turning his nursed, and pulled out of the waters once all but dead. D-n it, I say! There, take that, you the drowned one's shoe.

"Don't break it any more," said Geoffrey. "She used to value it. You had better bring it along between you—it may be wanted. I am going to the vicarage."

He walked back, Mr. Granger and Elizabeth had not 'yet arrived, but they were expected every minute. He went into the sitting room. It was full of memories and to issue of Beatrice. There lay a novel which he had given her, and there was yesterday's paper that she had brought from town, The Standard with his sneech in it.

"Be merciful!" he said, "de not say such words to me. I loved her, indeed, I did, but Standard with his sneech in it. dard, with his speech in it.

things might be said of her; he did not care what was said of him, but he was jealous of her dead name. It might be said, for instance, that the whole tale was true, and that Beatrice died because she could no longer face life without being put to an open shame. Yes, he had better hold his tongue as to how and why she died. She was dead—nothing could bring her back. But how, then, should he account for his presence there? Easily enough. He would say frankly that he came because Rearrice had written to him of the me day refoil her where she has gone. because Beatrice had written to him of the charges made against her and the threats against himself—came to find her dend. And on that point he would still have a word with Owen Davies and Elizabeth.

Owen Davies and Elizabeth.

"What brings you here, Mr. Bingham?" she "Cannot you guess, Miss Granger?" be said, ternly. "A few days back you made certain

charges against your sister and myself in the presence of your father and Mr. Owen Davies. These charges have been communicated to me, and I have come to naswer them, and to demand satisfaction for them.

Mr. Granger fidgeted nervously, and looked as though he would like to escape, but Elizabeth, with characteristic courage, shut the "Yes, I did make those charges, Mr. Bing-ham," she said, "and they are true charges, But stop, we had better send for Beatrice

The impering man's friends. Good

"You may sand, but you will not find her." "What do you mean." what do you mean?" asked her father, appreciensively.
"It means that he has hidden her away, I suppose," said Elizabeth, with a sneer.

"I mean, Mr. Granger, that your daughter For once startled out of her self command, Elizabeth gave a little cry, while her father

db. she die!" he asked.

"That is known to God and her alone," answered Geoffrey. "She went out last evening in her cance. When I arrived here this morning she was missed for the first time. I walked along the beach and found the cance and this inside of it," and he placed the sodden those on the table. shoe on the table.

There was a silence. In the midst of it Owen Davies burst into the room with wild

eyes and disheveled bair.
"Is it true!" he cried; "toll me be true that Beatrice is drowned! She cannot ing to marry ber. Say that it is not trust.

A great fury filled Geoffrey's heart. He walked down the room and shut the door, a

üke a vise.
"You accursed blackguard—you unmanly to say—Stop; we'll soon know. Oh, man, and a short stop in a slur upon to the canoe's gone!"

"conspired together to bring a slur upon "conspired together to bring a slur upon the work a silence, an awful silence. Old teatries. You did more; you threatened to attack me, to try and ruin me if she would not tack me, to try and ruin me if she would not Edward broke it.

"She's drowned, sir—that's what she is—drowned at last! and she's the finest woman in Wales. I knew she would be one day, poor dear! and she the beauty that she was; and all along of that d—dunineky craft. Goad help her! She's drowned, I say!—

Betty burst out into loud weeping at his words.

Betty burst out into loud weeping at his words. heaven, I will kill you!" and he cast Davies The man took no notice either of his words

Edward, send some men to search the shore toward Coed, and some more in a sailing boat. I will walk toward the Bell Rock—you can follow me."

He started, and swiftly tramped along the sands, searching the sea with his eye. On he sands, searching the sea with his eye. On he can follow the searching the sea with his eye. On he can be searched to be se ever. Pray to God that you may not one day be called her murderers—all of you—you

> Oh, I shall go mad!" "Mad or sane," said Geoffrey, "say those

> words once more and I will stamp t out of you where you are. You say that God

promised her to you—promised that woman to a hound like you! Ah, he careful?" Owen Davies made no answer. Crouched there upon the ground he rocked himself to and fro, and mounced in the madness of his bulked desire, "This man," said Geoffrey, turning toward

room, "said that there is no God. I say that there is a God, and that one day, soon or late, nsunds of years hence, and once more Granger. Go your ways; live out your time; r a part in the romance of unborn ages. but live every hour of it in terror of the ven-Ave atque vale—that was the inscription geance that shall come so surely as you shall rudely cut within its round. Greeting and die. Now for you, sir," he went on, addressing Oh, the trembling father. poisoned your mind. You might have thought that the tale was true. It is not true; allowed this villain and your daughter to use Beatrice, hail! Beatrice, farewell! till per-her distress against her; you allowed him to chance a spirit rushing earthward shall cry make a lover of it, with which to force her man who can and will strike back, not with

Before heaven it was not my fault, Mr.

And you, sir, stood by and saw this done. hen held up the little shoe.

"Ah," said the old man, "as I thought sould help her! She's gone; she'll never come shore no more, she won't. She's twenty Course, or the Musical Course, are afforded liave that between you you drove her to her and forever."

brain goes round and round. Take me away,

Elizabeth sidled up to him, keeping her fierce eyes on Geoffrey all the time. She was you sea witch, you!"and he picked up a great bowlder and crashed it through the bottom of still look fierce. She took the Heap by the the canoe with all his strength. "You sha'n't never drown no more. But it has brought the and his wealth. Six months afterward she the and his wealth. Six months afterward she you good luck, it has, sir; you'll be a for-tunit man all your life now. It has brought came forth with him to marry lim, half wit tunit man all your life now. It has brought to leave was A year and eight months af ted as he was. A year and eight months af-terward she came out again to bury him, and found herself the richest widow in Wales.

But mark the sequel. In her breast lay the seed of a fatal and shocking malady. Within three months of her deliverance Elizabeth too was dead, and the wealth passed elsewhere.

Elizabeth was too much for me, and I am so Geoffrey covered his eyes with his hand, and thought. None know that she had committed suicide except himself. If he revealed it things might be said of her; he did not care what was said of him but he would not loved her, and made her love what was said of him but he would not loved her, and made her love what was said of him but he would not said this would not represent a would be said of her.

Scarcely had he made up his mind when I have is yours. Let us shake hands and say good-by, and let us never meet again. As I good the faces, they had as yet heard noth-

"Thank you-thank you," said the old man, Geoffrey rose, and Elizabeth caught sight looking up through the white hair that fell of him standing with glowing eyes and a face like that of Death himself. She recoiled in alarm. this, especially now that Beatrice has gone. Poor girl! She was a good daughter and a fine woman. Good-by! Good-by!" Then Geoffrey went

> [TO BE CONTINUED.] A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

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